

THE
CABINET
OF
Scientific Industry,

BRING
*ESSAYS BY WORKING MEN AND
OTHERS.*

COMPILED BY THE
REV. J. MARPLES.

HAMILTON :
S. BAW, BOOK & JOB PRINTER, 34, JAMES STREET.

1872

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"And be not conformed to this world : but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what *is* that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." Rom. 12th chap. 2nd v.

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PREFACE.

It is to be distinctly understood, that in putting this little Book to press, the Compiler has no ambition for literary fame. His sole object is the promotion of *Philosophy*, *Science*, and *Industry*; and if he be at all successful in accomplishing that, he will feel amply rewarded for his trouble.

In as much as the *Beaver*, which is a constructive and industrious animal, is the national emblem of *Canada*, it is thought that if Canadians would give more attention to the original principles of their country, and labour more faithfully to carry out its true purposes, it would be the means of saving this grand Dominion from the vortex of ruin by which it is threatened in the form of a *spurious gentility*.

It were *effeminacy* and *frivolity* that overwhelmed the empire of ancient Rome.

THE COMPILER.

INTRODUCTION.

There is an idea prevailing amongst men, that *Labor* or *Industry* is at least an intolerable burden, if not a great curse. All this is utterly erroneous; for so far from being an evil, it is an unspeakable benefit. Indeed it possesses many and various benefits. Amongst these one of the foremost is that of *General Health*. The line of Juvenal expresses what I mean by this—“*Mens sana in corpore sana*”—“a sound mind in a sound body.” Industry when scientifically pursued, has the effect of training all our powers, and gives us great efficiency in the discharge of the relative duties of life. Dr. Smith has appropriately set forth this matter as follows:—

We consider education to be *useful* knowledge, to be practical training for all pursuits in life; to be culture, growth, discipline; learning to think, learning to act; educating the statue from the block of marble; to be the development of mind and body: to be the development of the whole man, physically, mentally, morally; to be a preparation for business, for accidents, for casualties, for success, in every walk or effort of life—in short, education is that highest good of the body considered in itself, and may be summed up in the word—**HEALTH**.

We need not stop to define this prime excellence or well-being of our corporeal organism—health. It is sufficient, in this place, to observe, that there is such a state of being better than all others, and therefore most desirable. A healthy body is the natural state of man, and is the best condition for the development of a healthy mind. Physical education, therefore, aims at the harmonious development of all parts of the human body, as a means to health of mind, and health of soul. Physical education is one of the first religious duties; nor can any real progress in manners, conduct, grace, or any permanent prosperity or happiness be predicted on any other basis than sound minds in sound bodies. He that has these, has little more to wish for. He or she that wants either of them, is but little the better for anything else.”

Another benefit is the attainment of *Wealth*. It may be in mechanical pursuits, commerce, agriculture, or professional life: but when Industry is pursued with perseverance and guided by philosophy and science, it is sure to achieve success.

Nor are moral influences and Divine power the less obtained in the use of appropriate means. This, in fact, forms the crowning blessing.

The way in which *Scientific Industry* is to be successfully pursued is, to commerce in the *Intellect*; the intellect to bear on the *will*; the will on the *nerves*; the nerves on the *muscles*;—all, falling on the muscles at the shoulders; and the whole driven home by the power of *Passion*.

This is a subject worthy of more attention than it has yet received; and if taken up with interest, and prosecuted with prudence, concentration and determination, it is calculated to be a blessing, not only to the community at large, but to generations yet unborn.

JOHN MARPLES.

Beamsville, Ontario, July 9th, 1872.

THE
CABINET
OF
SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRY

LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

The youth, whose bark is guided o'er
A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze, delights to pore
On imaged skies that glow beneath;
But should a fleeting storm arise,
To shade awhile the watery way,
Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,
And speeds to reach some sheltering bay.
'Tis thus down Time's eventful tide,
While prosperous breezes gentle blow,
In Life's frail bark we gaily ride,
Our hopes, our thoughts, all fixed below;
But let one cloud the prospect dim—
The wind its quiet stillness mar,
At once we raised our cry to Him,
Whose light is Life's best Guiding Star.

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EQUIPMENT FOR LIFE.

"Let us but remember what we are about—we are fitting out man for the struggles of life; we are not fitting up a storehouse for the use of a philosopher. Man goes forth into the world as a soldier goes forth into a campaign. His wants are boundless, his means of carriage are small. Can any service be greater than that of planning out and assorting his pack of knowledge, rejecting all that shall cumber his movements, selecting all that may afford materials for the work he has to do? Surely there is no more urgent task for us to perform than that we should employ our wisest heads to consider man's powers—to consider man's necessities—to consider man's position in relation to his Maker, his duty to God, to himself, and to his neighbor, and then decide upon what principle that small pack of knowledge shall be composed, which he can advantageously bear with him into life.—This is the question of questions,—a question that demands for its solution the highest qualification of the priest and the philosopher, while we leave the question to be decided by the unlettered mechanic. Man's wants are boundless; his means of carriage are small; life is short—school-time is still shorter—knowledge is infinite;—what shall his pack of knowledge be?"

THE PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

But now let other themes our care engage:
 For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
 To curb, Imagination's lawless rage,
 And from within the cherished heart to brace,
 Philosophy appears. 'The gloomy race
 By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
 Fear, Discontent, Solicitude give place,
 And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

Then waken from long lethargy to life,
 The seeds of happiness and powers of thought;
 Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
 A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
 Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
 As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.

And reason now through Number, Time and Space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high?
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedimmed with tears,
 Such glory bear!—for lo, the shadows fly
 From Nature's face; Confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

In the deep winding of the grove, no more
 The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
 Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar,
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirits' yell;
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
 Nor bids this noise of drums and trumpets swell,
 To ease of fancied pains the laboring moon,
 Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
 Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
 Lo, with dim eyes, that never learned to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famished native craves
 Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
 Or scorched on rocks, he pines from day to day:
 But Science gives the word, and lo, he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty unimproved, is deadly bane:
 Dark woods, and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
 Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore,
 Even Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood;
 For there, each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every
 flood.

'Twas from Philosophy man learned to tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo, from the echoing axe, and thund'ring flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale:
 And from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
 Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the flutt'ring gale

What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire!
 Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 A while, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
 And yet a few soft days and balmy days impart.

Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
 Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 Flee to the shade of Acamedus' grove;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away

In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips
of Love.

What cannot art and industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil !
They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep vers'd in man the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil and clime
Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.
—BEATTIE.

THE TRUE PROVINCE OF SCIENCE.

"What some call the progress of science, and others call its encroachments, is undoubtedly the great facts of modern thought, and it implies a more critical method of inquiry applied to subjects not before dealt with in so strict a manner. The effect has been, that many subjects, formerly widely separated from the recognized sciences, have been brought nearer to them, and have passed more or less completely under the influence of the scientific method of investigation. Whatever subjects involve access-

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ible and observable phenomena, one causing another, or is any way related to another, belong properly to science for investigation. Intellect, feeling, human action, language, education, history, morals, religion, law, commerce, and all social relations and activities, answer to this condition; each has its basis of fact, which is the legitimate subject matter of scientific inquiry. Those, therefore, who consider that observatory-watching, laboratory-work or the dredging of the sea for specimens to be classified, is all there is to science, make a serious mistake. Science truly means continuous intelligent observation of the characters of men, as well as the character of insects. It means the analysis of mind as well as that of chemical substances. It means the scrutiny of evidence, in regard to political theories, as inexorable as that applied to theories of comets. It means the tracing of cause and effect in the sequences of human conduct as well as in the sequences of atmospheric change. It means strict inductive inquiry as to how society has come to be what it is, as well as how the rocky systems have come to be what they are. In short, science is not the mystery of a class, but the common interest of rational being, in whom thinking determines action, and whose highest concern it is that thought shall be brought into the exactest harmony with things—and this is the supreme purpose of education.—”

DR. YOUMAN.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

The question may be asked—“What is a technical education in the abstract?” A distinguished engineer gives the answer as follows—“Clearly every branch of knowledge that can help the working man to perfection in work,

but as clearly nothing that will simply occupy his time without furthering the all important acquisition of manipulative skill."

The subject of technical education, which was brought to the front the other day by Dr. Lyon Playfair, is not meeting with that amount of general support which it deserves, and which it must ultimately receive, if we are to maintain that superiority in home and foreign markets for which we have been so long famous. The wars which, in past generations devastated the Continent, banished trade, diverted the minds of our Continental neighbors from such matters, and gave us an immense advantage in the markets, it is to be hoped will not soon occur again, and we will be under the salutary necessity of seeking some other means of sustaining our position. If our neighbors and rivals in trade are to be, by a change in the circumstances of nations, placed upon a footing of equality with ourselves in regard to the power of production in *quantity*, we must adopt such methods of manufacture as will ensure that the *quality* of our goods shall continue to challenge attention. But if our rivals, not content with an equality such as this, should overmatch us in the style and finish of their productions, nothing remains for us but a general application to the study of those principles which underlie all our manufacturing processes and our mechanical details. We must commence to educate our workmen, to educate them in the business in which they are individually engaged. It is quite clear that unless the workman understands the principles upon which his work is constructed, or the processes in which he is daily engaged, that his usefulness will be greatly curtailed; the variety of work upon which he might be engaged will be limited, and the perfection to which he may attain, rendered a mere matter of chance. It is, therefore, of the highest importance to us as a trading nation, that we hasten to put ourselves into a position superior to our neighbors in the matter of working-class education. We must cultivate a knowledge of the industrial sciences, not that

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we may be able to exhibit the results in museums and national curiosity shops, or to amuse people by experiments and popular displays. We must become acquainted with these sciences through a feeling that we need their assistance, that their help has become an absolute necessity.

It is notorious that in a majority of our workshops the workmen are not only ignorant of the principles they are continually developing—they seldom make reference to them—but work on as if entirely independent of their aid. The processes which they daily see taking place and the mechanical manipulations which they daily perform are productive, in their minds, of no intelligent series of reflections. They have too long been accustomed to work by rote or to pattern, and the system has borne its natural fruit—a carelessness and indifference as to whether there are any such ultimate principles, and if so, whether these are being fully developed or thoroughly understood. It is time such a state of matters was brought to an end, and that our workmen were taught, not only to do the mechanical part of their duties in a proper manner, but that they should be taught that underlying all their processes and all their manipulations is a set of principles or system of sciences to which they are, in spite of themselves, giving force and expression.

But we must not suppose that the workmen are the only ignorant parties. Masters are often as oblivious to the existence of principles as the stupidest among their men. For their sakes, therefore, as well as for the workmen, we consider that technical education has become a great necessity—a necessity we must supply if we are to keep our place among trading nations.—*Edinburgh Reformer.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF A WORKING MAN HAVING A SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF HIS TRADE OR OCCUPATION.

SCIENCE is *correct knowledge*. Incorrect knowledge is ignorance; so that there are but two kinds of notions or ideas in the world: the one right and the other wrong; the one true, and the other false. Now everything that we see, hear, feel, taste, or smell is an idea, or a number of ideas, and is intended to give us knowledge: for the word *knowledge* means nothing but a collection of ideas; and to have a correct knowledge of Nature and Art is to have scientific thoughts or ideas. One man looks at the sun, and finds it in the east in the morning and in the West in the evening, and says that the sun moves: this shows his *ignorance*. Another looks at the change from east to west, and tells me that the earth has moved, and *therefore* the sun, though stationary, has seemed to move: this is *science*. If I travel from the west of London to the east, when I start St. Paul's is in the east; but when I have arrived at the eastern end, St. Paul's is in the west; and the same has happened with respect to my position in reference to St. Paul's that would have occurred if that great building had passed by me, and fixed itself at my west. We mention this as an illustration of the difference between incorrect ideas and scientific ones.

Every person must have right or wrong thoughts, and there is no reason why a hedger and ditcher, or a scavenger, should not have as correct opinions and knowledge as a prince or a nobleman. Working men and working women have naturally the same minds or souls as lords, ladies, or queens. Dissect the body of a sempstress and that of an empress, and the flesh, blood, bones, nerves, and muscles are the same; and so if any one could have analysed or cut to pieces the soul of Lord Bacon, or Sir Isaac

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Newton, and that of a chimney-sweeper, it would have been found that both were made out of the same *divine* material. There can be no just cause why a scullion should not have as correct opinions as a princess or a philosopher. The minds of women are the same as those of men, and as capable of receiving and retaining philosophical information; and in many instances have far more need of scientific knowledge.

All labour is performed scientifically or unscientifically; but one great advantage of the former is, that it lightens toil and gives pleasure to the mind. Every operative ought to be well acquainted with the *MECHANICAL POWERS*. These are five in number—namely, the *wheel and axle*; the *lever*; the *inclined plane*; the *screw*; and the *pulley*. It is impossible for any one to tell the extent to which these lessen the labour of man.

What an immense aid, for example, is *the lever*! A thorough understanding of this one power would wipe the sweat from the face of millions, and render their labour comparatively light. A scientific operative can do more work with less labour than an unscientific one. A porter who is carrying a burden, if he understands the laws of Nature respecting the centre of gravity, will be able so to adjust his load as greatly to ease his shoulders. The same may be said of loading a truck or cart. This one law respecting the centre of gravity is as extensive as the material universe, and as immutable as the throne of God; so that if there is a man in the moon who has to carry burdens or load trucks, he must obey it, or pay the penalty of disobedience. I have heard a man curse his burden, fall into a passion with his wheel-barrow, or swear at his donkey; when the only thing to blame was the centre of gravity, or rather *himself* for not knowing its universal, immutable, and omnipotent laws. Had he studied and obeyed these, he might have saved his ass from stumbling, his cart from overturning, his shoulders from being galled, his body from being tired, his temper from being ruffled;

and, instead of being in a raging, foaming fury, might have been a gentle philosopher, admiring the laws of Nature; and a devout Christian, adoring that divine benevolence which made "everything very good." Thus the very load which seemed to threaten to press him into the earth, would have given his soul wings to soar to heaven.

Washing, fire, lighting, cooking, &c. &c., are all interesting and important branches of chemistry; so that our kitchen-girls, cooks, and laundresses ought to be well acquainted with this branch of philosophy. For want of this, the children are starved, the house filled with smoke, the potatoes half-boiled or sodden into pap, the furniture spoiled, the poor man's shirt as dingy as if it had been washed in pease-porridge; the money is wasted without purchasing comfort, the wife is out of temper, the family is in beggary, the husband flies to a gin-shop or pot-house—and, at last, some are driven to the streets, some go to the union, while others are transported or hung.

And yet, *a little practical chemistry*, with one tithe of the labour, would have saved all from ruin, and made the house a physical paradise. By a small modicum of science I have known a month's clothes of a large family, which according to the old process of ignorance, would have taken three or four days of steam, soapsuds, ill-temper, hurry-scurry, damp, fever heat, rheumatic, &c. &c., all washed, ironed, and put away in the drawers, in less than a day, and every garment looking as white as the driven snow, into the bargain. Hurra for the exploits of science, in the hands of that supposed unscientific being, woman!

In every trade and occupation there is science. Every labourer is a practical philosopher, though too often like the bee or beaver, working in the dark, performing prodigies of science without having the least idea of his own skill. This ought not to be. Animals may work from instinct, but reason and science are the only proper guides for mankind; nor should the workman be a mere machine,

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moved by the skill philosophy of others; his mind should be as well versed with the science of his trade as his hand is with the art; and to arrive at this degree of knowledge is not so hard as some suppose, because there are truth and philosophy in everything. The quarryman, in hewing stones; the mason or statuary, in shaping them; or the poor man in breaking them, have had volumes of facts before their eyes, which, if registered, might have settled all the knotty points in minerology. And the same may be said of him who sinks mines, levels hills, cuts through the hearts of mountains, or even lays down the gravel or pebbles in the garden walk. How true the words, that the thinking find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything!"

Every worker in iron, brass, tin, copper, steel, silver, or gold, is perpetually experimenting on those metals, and therefore has an immense sphere of natural science and philosophy glittering before him. What a physiologist the butcher ought to be! What a botanist, entomologist, and, indeed, naturalist, generally, every farmer's man and dairymaid might become! Many of these have ten thousand more advantages for study than Solomon. The philosopher walks miles in pursuit of truth; but truth follows and environs the cowherds, shepherds, and ploughmen. The experimentalist has to put up forges, or furnish laboratories, at great trouble and expense; but the smelter, the blacksmith, the founder, the glass-blower, and a hundred other mechanics and operatives, have all this apparatus daily before them, and therefore, without any trouble, might sound the depths and scan the heights of knowledge. Nothing would be required but a little observation.

We have made these remarks to show that philosophy is within the reach of every working man and working woman, especially the science of their own particular trade or calling. *Cheap books*, unfolding the elements and principles of mechanics, architecture, carpentry, building,

smithery, cotton-spinning, agriculture, and indeed almost every other calling or occupation, can now be procured by any operative, and hence no one can plead any excuse for ignorance.

It is easier on this point to write a volume than a page; besides "a word to the wise is enough," and therefore we will not lengthen out the present article. We have great confidence in the plain, unsophisticated sense of the working men and working women of this day. We believe that to be scientific mechanics and operatives will soon be one object of their most ardent pursuit. Various reasons will induce them to attend to this important duty.

I. *They will perform their work better and with less labour.* Science and philosophy are ministering spirits to the sons and daughters of toil, and are destined to shorten the hours and lessen the fatigue of their employment, and thus give them leisure, for intellectual and moral pursuits. We believe in a time not far distant when every operative and labourer shall be a man of scientific research and philosophical acquisitions.

II. *The immense pleasure* arising from his knowing the "why" and the "wherefore" of his calling will allure him to study its principles. We were all made to be philosophers. Every mind is inquisitive; and the gratification of this mental appetite is one of our highest luxuries.

III. Science can *raise the working man in various ways.* His master, appreciating his skill, will advance his wages. An intellectual operative, also, may take his position among the higher order of minds in the country. As a citizen he belongs to an aristocracy too lofty to be the creation of monarchs. His science may eventually place him side by side with our Franklins, Arkwrights, and others. Study also will make all the abstruser branches of knowledge easy, and even religion will be seen without a veil; so that he shall become socially, intellectually, and morally great.

We only add, in conclusion, that, by proper effort, all our operatives, of both sexes, can thus improve themselves, and bless their country and their world.

"Much food *is* in the tillage of the poor; but there is *that is* destroyed for want of judgment." Prov. XIII, 23.

HONOR TO THE TOILING HAND.

All honor to the toiling hand,
 Or in the field or mine;
 Or by the hissing steam machine,
 Or on the heaving brine.
 Whatever loom, or bark, or plough,
 Hath wrought to bless our land;
 Or wrought around, above below,
 We owe the toiling hand.
 Then, honor—honor to the toiling hand.

It battles with the elements;
 It breaks the stubborn sward;
 It rings the forge, the shuttle throws,
 And shapes the social board;
 It conquers clime, it stems the wave,
 And bears from every strand
 The sweetest, best of all we have,
 Gifts of the toiling hand.
 Then, honor—honor to the toiling hand.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

It has been too much the fashion in modern times to regard the working man as occupying an inferior position in the social scale; and this has doubtless arisen from

false ideas respecting labor—ideas which have assumed that to work for one's daily bread involves a degrading necessity; whereas, the truth is, that he who faithfully labors in his allotted sphere, thereby confers inestimable benefits on the community at large, disciplines his own life and character, fulfils the end of his being, and carries out the purposes of the great Creator. If it were true that labor is degrading and undignified, then he who labors not would be the most estimable and dignified; a state of idleness or pauperism would be more elevated than a state of industrious and honest independence; and the indolent, the incompetent, or the dishonest spoiler, should take the highest rank among men.

Manifestly absurd as such views appear when stated in plain language, false as such principles show themselves to be when pushed to their legitimate consequences, we very much question whether they do not prevail to a great extent. Lurking and hiding themselves from the light, as false principles ever do, they yet influence numbers of our fellow-men, at once misleading those who entertain them, and produce very unjust and disastrous results in the myriads of the sons of toil. Now, in opposition to these false views, we maintain the truth—we assert the Dignity of Labor—and we claim for the laboring man the right to be regarded as occupying a highly useful and elevated position in the social scale; and earnestly do we call on our fellow-workers to study their true position as laboring men, so that, instead of vainly repining at their lot, they may regard it with approbation and hope, and with that degree of honest pride which becomes their position as honest and useful members of society.

We may learn the dignity of labor from its usefulness. True dignity consists, in a great measure, in being useful; for, certainly, a useless being cannot be a dignified one; and he who never does anything for the benefit of himself or others, must appear a very pitiable character. He may possess wealth, and the apparent esteem of interested men;

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he may be surrounded by luxuries, and have at his command every sensual gratification; he may affect to regard with indifference or scorn the honest, diligent worker who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow; but, notwithstanding all this vain parade, a proud assumption, if he has neglected to exert his faculties to some useful purpose, he is truly degraded, and, in point of true dignity of character, infinitely below the humblest and poorest of the sons of toil. The usefulness of labor is evinced in the comforts and conveniences of life which it produces, and its consequent dignity is shown in the elevation and refinement of those nations where it is constantly and systematically exercised. Without continuous and well-applied labor, man would ever remain in a barbarous and savage state; he would frequently be left destitute of the first necessities of life, while those refined comforts and enjoyments which contribute so much to elevate the character would be utterly unknown; and instead of rising in the social scale, or progressing in civilization, he would sink almost to the level of brutes.

How widely different is the condition of the working peoples; how elevated and dignified are those industrious nations among whom the laboring principle is recognized and developed! It is only when man becomes a diligent and faithful worker, that he achieves the dignity of usefulness; then, indeed, it may be said of him that he obtains the mastery of the material world, and develops, for useful purposes, all those materials of civilization with which it abounds; then, and only then, is it that, under the influence of his untiring energies, and his indomitable will, guided by his intellect, the intractable earth yields forth her concealed treasures—the pathless forest becomes a smiling plain, covered with his habitations; the arid wastes bloom as a garden, ministering at once to his sense of the beautiful and to the wants of his physical nature: the sea gives up her tribes of animated creatures, and becomes herself the pathway along which he travels to distant climes; the lightning descends from the skies,

and is made to do his bidding; the latent heat is called forth, diffusing light, and warmth, and comfort through the habitations, and generating the stupendous agency of steam, to perfect for him the most gigantic tasks; the subtle vapors and chemical properties of the material world all contribute to promote his wishes, and to gratify his tastes and desires; while he, the seemingly weak and puny being, surrounded by natural agents and forces, any one of which uncontrolled would scatter him a lifeless carcase on the face of the earth, he by his intelligence, skill, knowledge and labor, stands secure, and, like a monarch, subdues and directs them all to his purpose and will. Well may we exclaim, while thus reflecting on his varied faculties and powers, and on the achievements of his industry and labor—"How wonderful a creature is man! How dignified his position! how admirably fitted to rule all inferior creatures, and to assert and maintain for himself that superiority to which he has been destined by the Great Creator!"

The dignity of labor is further shown in its *disciplinary effect on man's life and character*. Man, it must be admitted, is at the best but an imperfect being; but then, in order to compensate in some measure for this imperfection, he is largely endowed with improvable faculties and powers, by the cultivation and development of which he is enabled to advance in a constant series of progression. Moreover, in proportion as this principle of progression is recognized and developed does man become elevated in his moral character, and dignified in his pursuits. There is, indeed, no such thing as standing still in a moral career; man is ever advancing or receding in all that contributes to raise his moral condition, and to the development of his faculties as a reasoning and intelligent being. The very imperfection of which he is the subject necessitates a constant struggle to overcome whatever there may be of evil within or around him. Hence, whatever tends to keep up this struggle, and to brace up

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the human faculties for the conflict, necessarily contrib-
utes to our elevation and dignity of character.

And this we affirm of labor. It preserves both the
heart, the head, and the hands, from rust and decay; it
disciplines and strengthens both our physical and moral
nature; it teaches man the valuable lessons of patience,
fortitude, endurance and forbearance; it destroys the sel-
fish idleness to which he is prone and which only demor-
alizes and degrades those who indulge in it; and thus
does it enable him to achieve the most sublime moral vic-
tories over the selfishness and evil there is in the world.

We wish most earnestly to impress on the workman
the importance of this view of our subject, for it is import-
ant that he should regard the principle of labor as essen-
tial to the development of human faculties, and as con-
tributing by his discipline to the elevation of his charac-
ter, and the advancement of his social condition. Let
him cease to regard his labor as a degrading necessity,
and let him view it as an essential and invaluable means
of disciplining and perpetuating his entire moral and
physical nature, and then we shall see him extracting
from his daily toil good, noble, and great principles, such
as will sweeten his life with hope, faith and true enjoy-
ment. Even those occupations which are disagreeable in
their nature, and which involve, to some extent, a painful
strain on his physical and mental powers, may be render-
ed subservient to his elevation and dignity, if he will only
regard the matter in a true philosophical spirit; for he will
thus learn to subdue himself he will perceive the neces-
sity of self-denial; he will acquire strength of will and de-
termination of purpose; he will be enabled to cope with
difficulties—and to overcome them; and while his own
character is being thus disciplined and formed, he will feel
an enlarged benevolence in contributing his share to the
public weal, and in enduring his portion of the difficulties,
and disagreeables of life, and thus easing his brother man
from some of the inevitable evils to which, as an imper-
fect human being, he is subject.

The dignity of labor is further shown in *its ultimate results*, as enabling man to fulfill the end of his being, and to carry out the purposes of his Creator. Every human being has something to do. Activity is a principle of life, a universal condition of nature. Everything that has life acts—does. We see this exemplified throughout the whole range of creation. The bird that wings its flight in the air; the insect that incessantly moves its tiny body; the fish darting through the water, now sinking, now rising to the surface, now cleaving the element in which it lives, and sporting in a thousand varied gambols; the animals that dwell on the face of the earth, with all their elaborated and complicated mechanism of motion; the vegetable tribes—the waving grass, the fluttering leaves, the creeping root, the opening bud, and the bursting flower; nay, even the earth itself, in various forms of hill and dale, mountain and valley, volcanic forces and upheaving mounds; the sea incessantly restless with its tides and waves, its foaming breakers and its under currents; and, lastly, the air in its different phenomena of gale and breeze, whirlwind and tornado, and fleeting clouds above; all, by their ceaseless and varied motions, impress us with the idea that action is the essential condition of life—only death is still and immovable.

And man, paramount, chief of earth's created forms, he, too, is formed for action; and so essential a principle is this of his nature, so incessant is its influence upon him, that not content with his own natural powers of motion, he brings under tribute every external force within the reach of his skill and ingenuity. For him the swift horse puts forth his strength, the ship travels for his conveyance, borne onwards alike by winds and waves, and, more swift and powerful still, the wonderful agency of steam carries him along at a rate that mocks the fleetest animals, and almost rivals the wind itself.

Now all these varied means of locomotion are so many evidences that man is formed for action; they are so many

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effects, the cause of which is to be found in that active principle which is an essential part of our nature, and which influences us to constant and ceaseless action. We act because we live; we cease to move only when we are dead. But then what distinguishes this principle in man is, the purpose, the end, toward which it is directed. With most of the inferior creatures this activity which they display is merely impulsive—a mere unreasoning animal excitement, which seldom has any object in view, or end to gain. Man, on the contrary, governed by a superior intelligence, incited by various motives, does, aims at the accomplishment of some purpose previously formed in his mind. Hence, he not only acts, but he acts with a purpose. Frustrated in his wishes he frequently is, but still he turns to other objects, forms new desires, and as often as he is defeated in one purpose does he determine on another, and pursues it. Now, it is the province of wisdom to direct this ceaseless activity which we possess towards good and worthy objects; hence, we repeat, that every human being has something to do, some purpose to accomplish, some end to gain, which shall be in accordance with his enlarged powers, and which shall serve to develop all the better principles of his nature. Now, labor, whether of the head or hands, is but another term for activity, a manifestation and effect of that great law which pervades all nature, and is a universal condition of life; and hence, he who labors so far fulfills the end of his being, and brings himself into accordance and harmony therewith. And can we conceive of any position more dignified than this for a rational and intelligent creature, that he should ascertain the end of his being, and then resolutely set himself to pursue and fulfill that end. And the laboring man does this, and that, too, by his labor. Behold, then ye workers, at once the worth and dignity of your toil—learn to understand its influence, and to appreciate its elevating results.

Lastly, we observe, that while man by his labor thus

fulfills the end of his being, he also subserves the purposes of the Creator. The command given to primeval man was to replenish the earth and subdue it—to have dominion over every living thing that moveth on the earth. And so long as man obeys this command, a kind Providence smiles on his efforts, and blesses him with bounteous hand; but let him despise labor, and neglect to subdue the earth, and so surely does he pay the penalty of idleness in tears and want, privation and suffering. And what is worse still, he becomes morally debased, losing, as he sinks, the fair image of God, which has been stamped on him. Bet let him brace up his energies and work, let him labor in a cheerful and earnest way, ever finding what he has to do, and then resolutely doing it, and we behold him rising in dignity of character, diffusing around, wherever he goes, all those blessings which result from a faithful obedience to great providential laws; and while he thus subserves the purposes of his Creator, he approximates nearer and still nearer to that divine image which is at once the glory, the dignity, the happiness, and the perfection of his moral nature,

W. G. DENHAM,
Umbrella-maker, London.

MAN DEPENDENT ON LABOR.

Man was made to toil. The structure of his body, as well as his wants, proclaim this truth. How marvellous, then, that ever there should have existed a human being so sunk in mind and morals as to brand industry with reproach! Not so the ancients. Paradise required dressing and keeping. The first pair were gardeners; and when clothes became necessary, the Almighty Creator constructed their robes. The early prince, princesses, and monarchs, worked at various arts and trades. It is a fig-

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ment of modern times that toil is a degrading occupation, and that idleness and uselessness, sinecurism and helplessness, are honorable and majestic. Strange that we should pour contempt on our guardian angel, or despise the hand that ministers to our wants! It is not going too far to say "*that labor is a divine ordinance.*" A Latin poet tells us that Jove intended to sharpen our genius by necessity and care. The animals make no improvement, because they have few wants. What need has the peacock of millinery, the horse of a weaver, the leopard of embroidery, the lion of a palace, or the eagle of steam-power? But man is full of necessities; and his eye, his hand, his mental powers, proclaim that he was made to minister to himself and others, and to be ministered unto in return.

Labor, then, is all to man. He can obtain no good without it. Even the salvation of his soul must be "worked out with fear and trembling;" and whether he ascends to bliss, or takes the downward road, he must travel on his own feet. Without labor England would have been now what it was a thousand years before Julius Agricola landed on our shores. Why are we not American Indians, or counterparts of the inhabitants of the Feejee Islands? Labor has made us to differ, and enabled us to send, or promised to send, all the arts and blessings of civilization to the destitute parts of our globe. We have had galleries for the artist, and shrines for the saint and philanthropist; and we envy them none of their fame or glory. They all were, in their order, sons of toil, and ministers to our pleasure and improvement; but until now, INDUSTRY, in its rough, hard, and more toilsome drudgeries, has had no monument. This ingratitude has reflected on our hearts and our heads; seeing we depend most of upon those arduous occupations which we have most despised. The fine arts are of later growth. The colonist and the settler seek first the necessities of life; and yet, strange to say, we have honored the painter and the poet, and have forgotten the men and women who have given us our daily bread, and surrounded us with the conveni-

ences of life. Our *dependence* on labor, which the Exhibition of Works of Industry will especially teach, will suggest that none who minister to our wants, our ease, our wealth, or our taste, should be neglected or treated with scorn.

LABOR.

"Labor is health! lo the husbandman reaping—
 How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
 How his strong arm in his stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
 Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
 Rich the queen's robe, from the frail cocoon floweth;
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.
 "Droop not, though sin, shame and anguish are round
 thee,
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee,
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod
 Work for some food, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor! All labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

PRIDE IN MANUAL LABOR.

It is one of the curses of the times that our young men have so little pride in this respect; that manual labor is considered by so many of the youths of the present day to be degrading, that the idea should prevail of an education making it derogatory to a man's dignity to work at many-

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thing besides wielding the pen or yard-stick. And it is to parents that the cause of this evil may be traced. With a praiseworthy denial and perseverance which savors of heroism, some fathers educate their boys, and are justly proud of the scholarly habits of the latter. But their pride takes a wrong vent. Because the lad has been through college, he must choose a profession forsooth, and his education is supposed to furnish the necessary brains for the producing of a good lawyer or physician, so the young man enters the uncongenial walks of life, and the people wonder at, and, in some cases, deride, his want of success. He is not adapted to the pursuit, dissatisfaction ensues, and if he does not become a poverty-stricken burden to his friends, he will be, at least, a clog upon society, with only the flattering unction which he lays to his own discontented soul that he is pursuing a genteel avocation. Ah! these genteel avocations in which a display of brains is attempted, serve to show the empty pates of many who pursue them. There is a dignity and stimulus about manual labor which invigorates even the worker, and renders him more capable of enjoying the intellectual treats that may come in his way; and an invention and recourse about it at times which may develop latent talents into some startling and useful discoveries; and were young men to be disabused of the idea of degradation which, in their minds, attaches itself to manual labor, society would become better, the world benefitted by artizans who might have superior talents for certain crafts; and we ought, in many cases, be spared the melancholy sight of a man enduring the woes of poverty, because he was too well educated to work at manual labor.

—Indicator.

THE USEFULNESS OF MANUAL LABOR

A necessity of labor is the greatest boon that Provid-

ence has granted to a degenerated race, addicted to vicious passions and indolent self-indulgence. The majority now gain their bread by the sweat of their brow; and the calls of nature force them to occupy their time in providing for its pinching wants; preventing them from the pursuits of many sins and follies which are incidental to idleness and sloth. Industry is well known to be a great assistant to virtue; indolence, to be the foster-mother of crime. Could our teeming population be relieved of all their cares and anxious labors, by being placed in a state of independency, or exemption from toil, we can form but a faint idea of the accumulating miseries which would speedily ensue. If the few leisure hours of the multitude are now generally spent in haunts of profligacy and vicious indulgences, what would become of them were the safety-valves of poverty removed, and their now scarcely-repressed passions were allowed to revel in unlimited wantonness? The population would be involved in constant quarrels and reckless dissipation, until it had desolated the country, or destroyed its race of inhabitants. It is calculated that the wealthy classes of the community would shortly fail in their generations, through the mere exhaustion of physical power, if their declining numbers were not supplied from the more industrious ranks of society; and what would be the case, were the whole population placed in similar circumstances of ease and bodily enjoyment?

Again: when trade is brisk, and profits and wages become proportionately high, let any inhabitant of a manufacturing district tell the effects of such a rise upon the merchant and the mechanic. Let him say, from experience, if these seasons of abundance be not always characterized by an increase of luxury, sloth, and dissoluteness.

Or, if there were no drag of national debt, or other inability, upon the wheels of Government, how long would separate nations maintain peace with each other? This question may easily be answered by the history of every people who have, for any length of time, enjoyed an

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independent prosperity; for it will invariably be found that national elevation has produced a sensitive arrogance which quickly impels to foreign aggression, where there is no clog to its impetuous pride. Poverty and consequent labor are the preservatives of the world at large, and of each separate community in itself, judiciously given by a merciful Creator who was well acquainted with the nature and influence of human passion.—*Macbair's Goodness of Divine Providence.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF MANUAL LABOR.

A laborious nail-maker worked all day at his forge, and under his strong, quick blows, thousands of sparks arose around him and filled his workshop. The son of his rich neighbor, Mr. Von Berg, came to see him almost every day, and would watch him with delight for hours.

One day the busy nail-maker said to him in joke, "Would you not like to make some nails? Just try, my young master, if it be only to pass time away. It may be useful to you some day."

The young gentleman, having nothing else to do, consented. He placed himself before the anvil, and laughing as he sat down, began to hammer. Before very long he was able to finish off a good shoe-nail.

Some years after, the misfortunes of war deprived this young man of all his wealth, and forced him to emigrate to a foreign country. Far from his native land, stripped of all resources, he halted at a large village, where the majority of the people were shoemakers. He ascertained that they expended yearly a large sum of money in the purchase of shoe-nails from a neighboring town, and often they could not obtain the quantity they needed, because so many were required for the shoes of the army, most of which were made in that district.

The young Von Berg, who already saw himself threatened with starvation, remembered that he knew perfectly the art of making shoe-nails. He offered to supply the shoemakers of the village with as large a quantity of nails as they required, if they would only establish a workshop, and to this they cheerfully consented. He began to work with enthusiasm, and soon found himself in easy circumstances.

"It is always good," he used often to say to himself, "to learn something, if it be only to make a shoe-nail. There are positions in life where head-learning cannot be called into play, and when want may threaten even those who have been wealthy. It is well to provide for such exigencies, by having some useful trade at our finger ends."

THE RATIONALE OF LABOR.

By EDWARD S. FOSTER, the son of a Working Carter, Sheffield, aged 17 last March.

That this subject is of great importance to every man, but especially to the working man, will doubtless be admitted by all who are sufficiently alive to their interests to have given it even the most superficial consideration. We say this question is preeminently important to the workman—the man who procures his daily bread by daily labor—whether that labor is mental or physical; and, we think, it is a question about which a working man will be much more likely to have clear and correct ideas, than he who lives upon the product of the industry of others. These are the grounds upon which we think this subject has a particular title to the consideration of **THE WORKING MAN**.

In order properly to understand this subject, it is advisable that we should, in the first place, settle some points

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relating to the constitution of the laborer—man, and his relation to the world without. Man is an animal, endowed with understanding and reason; a being composed of an organized body in connection with a rational principle—the mind. Man unites in himself the animal, the irrational, the spiritual, and the intellectual natures; he has, consequently, various faculties—some physical, others mental—and which, though widely different, must yet be cultivated, each in its proper proportions. We need not particularize, but we think this abundantly evident, that man is a compound being—the connecting link between mind and matter—formed of the dust of the ground, but animated by a living soul.

A very little reflection will convince us that every action is performed by us with a view to happiness. This is the end we propose to attain by all our designs. It is, indeed a first truth of which we have a continual conviction from our internal sense. The nature of man is such, that he necessarily loves himself; seeks in everything and everywhere his own felicity, and never can be turned aside from his pursuit. Good is the object we all have in view, and which we naturally desire and necessarily pursue.

This bent of the will is implanted within us by the Creator himself, and it is not in our power to alter it. It is the main spring which puts the whole machinery in motion, and keeps it at work. This principle appears inseparable from an intelligent being, so that men must cease to reason before he can eradicate the love of happiness from his nature.

"Self-love and reason to one end aspire;
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire."

Let us, then, beware how we condemn self-love as a principle naturally vicious. We plead not, nevertheless, for its misapplication and abuse.

But, in its legitimate application, it is calculated to work good and wise results, and, under the direction of intellect, to lead men to the practice of virtue, and to spread

abroad upon the earth, a spirit of submission to the will of heaven, and good-will among men.

We see, then, that man is a compound being, having various faculties, and that he is constantly impelled to action by a desire for happiness implanted in him; and that it would imply a contradiction to suppose that man, a rational being, could be indifferent with regard to his own felicity.

What, then, is happiness, and how may it be secured?

Happiness is that internal satisfaction of the soul which arises from the due exercise of the faculties, or the rightful possession of good. From this it must inevitably follow that it is every man's interest, and conducive to his happiness, to exercise his faculties—to labor. This is the way in which it may be secured.

Labor, so far as it finds exercise for the faculties, must be conducive to our happiness. But let us not be misunderstood. We are not advocating that excessive labour which working men at present have to perform. The same principle which makes it advantageous for us to work, sets bounds to the amount; and, from the principles we have enunciated, we may infer that labour should be so regulated that all the faculties may have their proper and legitimate exercise—the mind, as well as the body. Let us not, if we would become men in the true sense of the word, work with the physical powers, and leave unemployed those of the mind; for "tis the mind that makes the man."

From what has been said we draw the following obvious inference, that, since happiness depends upon the exercise of the faculties, he will be the most happy man who exercises them all in their due and proper proportions.

And again, all will doubtless allow that the Almighty created nothing uselessly, or to no purpose. Everything which exists was intended and fitted to accomplish some useful purpose. And for what purpose could man's faculties have been intended except to be used and employed. The strength of the argument is materially increased

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when we take into consideration that, as a matter of fact, the faculties are strengthened and improved by cultivation and exercise—by labour. This is a matter of every day experience. The studious man has the faculties of his mind powerful and vigorous. He who is accustomed to perform merely manual labour—those of the body. The bodily powers were given to man to provide for his bodily wants, and the mind in order that he might be able to direct his own actions as a reasonable and responsible creature—to think for himself. But this good and wise arrangement of nature man has discarded. One the larger class of men are employed to produce for the community the bread which perisheth; the other is devoted to literature or idleness—to the task of thinking for their fellow-men. The evil is felt most by the working man, who is compelled to devote the major portion of his time to labor which prevents him from cultivating the nobler part—the mind. His body too, is injured; he is obliged to perform an amount of labor much greater than is required for the exercise of his faculties, the supply of his own necessities, and the necessities of those immediately dependent upon him who are unable to supply themselves, and consequently is overworked. He has passed the boundary which no man can pass with impunity; his system is weakened to a proportionate extent, and he sinks to a premature grave! Often the effect of excessive labor is not so plainly manifested as to be generally remarked, and it is ascribed to other causes; but in numberless instances there is no possibility of mistake. Often the work of death is carried on silently (the victim being perhaps unaware that he is instrumental to his own destruction,) but always surely.

Thus labor is abhorred—is looked upon as a task, necessary, it is true, but unpleasant; though, to a certain extent, it should be sought as a benefit which every wise man should desire. The amount of labor necessary for the supply of the wants of the body, and beneficial for the exercise and employment of the faculties is *one* and the *same*. That man will have all his faculties developed to the

greatest perfection they are capable of, who exercises them all in their proper proportions.

From the preceeding we may draw the following inferences:—

1.—That *all* men should work, every one who has wants to supply and faculties to cultivate. By no change that may happen can we ever expect to be placed in such a situation that it will be unnecessary for us to labor; but, then, *all* should labor, from the prince to the peasant.

2.—Every man should labor at a sufficient number of employments to exercise duly the body and the mind. It is by no means pretended that it would be advantageous for every man to produce everything he may consume; but we think we have sufficiently shown the evils of the system which assigns to one man only one employment.

3. Every man has a right to live by his labor, to partake of all the comforts and conveniences of civilized life.

But it may be said that, when the workman is confined to one employment only, greater rapidity of execution will be attained, and a much larger amount of work done, than if he have several employments. This might be disputed; because, if a workman be persuaded of the benefits arising from employment, and cease to find it a burden, he will enter upon it cheerfully, and a day's labor, though shorter, may not be the less productive. But even if it should be admitted that the workman would be able to produce less in a given time; this is of little consequence if the workman's comforts would be increased. Suppose that by continuous employment at pin-making, the workman attains to such a degree of dexterity that he can make *one thousand* in the same length of time that would be requisite to him who should have several employments to make *ten*. Even on this extravagant supposition, if the workman's faculties could be better cultivated, and, consequently, his happiness increased, shall nine hundred and ninety pins stand in the way? Nay, neither the pins, nor

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any other of man's productions, are of any consequence, except so far as they may contribute to his happiness.

But it may probably be objected, that on this scheme we must be deprived of a great many of the comforts of civilized life. This can by no means be admitted. But, for the sake of argument, let us suppose it be a legitimate inference from the plan laid down, does civilized life present an altogether perfect arrangement? Go, pluck the wild Arab from his steed of a hundred sires, and demand of him which he prefers, his own barbarous life, or ours? Tell him how we live, or bring him here, and let him see. Take him to the workshops of our artisans; to the tailor's where he will see a number of men sitting neck and heels together, from morning till night, all the year round; to the shoemaker's, and show him, it may be, a dozen men sitting on a stool sewing leather; to the engineer's, where he will see, perhaps, some hundreds, covered with soot and dirt, wielding huge hammers, and standing the heat of fires, calculated to rival even the furnace of the Eastern tyrant, when it was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated; take him to our cotton factories, and let him feast his eyes with a sight of some thousands of human beings, whose stunted bodies, bent limbs, and pale faces, speak volumes of the ill effects of long hours' toil in the "life-consuming mill." Take the wild Arab the round of our workshops, and to our places of public resort, and show him how few well-formed and healthy men and women we have. In a word, explain to him our social system in all its ramifications, and then ask him if he will exchange his barren desert for the fertile soil of England, and the society and institutions of his fellow-barbarians for those of our own country. The chances are a thousand to one that he will demand back his steed, and, having mounted, and flying as though he were pursued by ten thousand enemies, will seek once more his native plains, and thank God that his lot is not cast in such a land!

The picture may be humiliating, but it is correct.

ACT WELL THY PART.

By WILLIAM DREW, Brush Manufacturer, Hackney.

“All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.”

Thou, child of toil—thou, learned sage—
In manly prime, or snow-white age—
Whilst on this world’s important stage,

Act well thy part!

Art thou a man of thought or skill?
Hast thou a nation’s weal at will?
Whatever station thou may’st fill—

Act well thy part!

Though stern affliction lay thee low;
Or ill-bred want its presence show
’Mid life’s incessant ebb and flow,

Act well thy part!

Though enemies should dare withhold
Thy lawful rights, through love for gold,
Yet nobly—like a martyr bold—

Act well thy part!

Wouldst thou sail safely o’er life’s main?
Wouldst thou escape remorse and pain?
Wouldst thou a crown of glory gain?—

Act well thy part.

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ON LABOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. THIERS.

The exercise of man's powers creates a second kind of property, which has its origin in Labor, "*Nudus in nuda humo*"—naked on the naked ground—said Pliny the Ancient, is the state in which man comes into the world. It is by dint of labor that he must provide for all his wants. He must hunt before he can strip the lion and tiger of the skins which he needs to cover his nakedness; and, as the arts advance, he must shear the wool from his sheep before he can manufacture the cloth which serves him for a garment. This is not enough; he must suit his dress to the variations of climate, and build a house to protect him from the inclemency of the seasons, the torrents of rain, the beams of the sun, and the severities of the frost. Having supplied these wants, he must provide himself with food,—and that, too, every day, and several times each day, and whilst the animal, without reason, but furnished with a protecting garment of fur or feathers, finds; if it is a bird, ripe fruits hanging from the trees—if an herbivorous quadruped, a table spread in every meadow—if a carnivorous animal, a prey in the herbivorous neighbors—man is obliged to procure his food by growing it, or by contending with animals stronger and swifter than himself. The bird, and the roe-buck, which he needs for food, have wings and swift feet. He must take a bough from a tree, make it into a bow, and fit an arrow to the bow—all before he can strike and seize the animal; and having procured it, he must cook it with fire, for his stomach loathes raw and quivering flesh. Here are sour fruits—but sweeter ones grow beside them: he must choose between them, and make them sweeter and more tasteful by culture. Among the grains, some are empty and light, others heavier and more nourishing; here, too, he must make a selection, set them in a rich soil, that they may become still more nourishing, and convert them, by

cultivation, into wheat. At the cost of all this trouble man exists in tolerable comfort; and God helping him, many changes are effected on the face of the earth; empires crushing upon empires, generations succeeding generations, intermingling themselves from north to south, and from east to west, exchanging ideas and communicate their discoveries, by means of hardy navigators, who pass the Mediterranean into the Atlantic, from the Atlantic into the Indian Ocean, bringing together all the productions of the globe; and thus the human race attains a point at which its poverty is changed into opulence—where, instead of the hides of beasts, men wear silks and purple; where they see the most nourishing fruits, in the greatest variety, consumed often thousands of miles away from the soil in which they were produced, and where their dwellings—at first not much better than the beaver's hut, take the proportions of the Parthenon, the Vatican, and the Tuileries.

That being—once so destitute—now finds himself in the midst of abundance. By what means? By labor—perservering and intelligent labor.

He is naked—destitute of everything, when he comes upon the earth; but he has powers—powers unequally distributed among his fellows; he employs them, and by their exertion he obtains possession of all he needs, and becomes Lord of the elements—almost of nature itself. Man has powers, then, that he may use them—not play with them—as the bird plays with its wings, its beak, or its voice. Leisure time will come some day; that voice—he will make it the voice of a sweet singer; those hands, those feet—he will make them the hands and feet of a skilful dancer. But he must work—work long and hard, before the day of rest comes. He must work for his living. A study of our nature leads us to this conclusion, just as study of the beaver, the sheep, and the lion, leads us to call the one a constructive, the other an herbivorous, and the third a carnivorous animal.

To go a little further, it is necessary that man should

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work. It is absolutely necessary, in order that he may graft upon his natural misery the acquired goods of civilisation. But *for whom* ought he to work—for himself, or for another?

I am born in an isle of an ocean. I live upon fish. I find that at certain hours of the day the fish frequent certain waters. With the twisted fibres of a plant I form threads; with these threads a net. I cast this net into the water, and draw out the fish. Or, suppose that I am a native of Asia-Minor—in those parts where Noah's ark is said to have rested,—and that wheat is discovered there for the first time. I devote myself to its cultivation. I break up the ground with a spade. I turn the ground thus broken up to the fertilizing atmosphere. I sow the seed. I reap it when it is ripe. I grind it. I bake it. I make it into bread.

The fish that I have taken with so much patience, the bread that I have made with such trouble—whose are they? Mine, who have procured them with so much difficulty, or the idler's, who slept while I was fishing or farming? Everyone will say that it is mine; for, if I am to live, by whose exertions am I to live, but by my own? If, just as I am putting into my mouth the bread I have made an idler snatches it away from me, what resort have I but in my turn to attack some one else, and serve him in the same way? He will do the same to a third party, and thus the world, instead of a scene of labor, will become a scene of pillage. Besides, as theft is ready and easy to the strong man, whilst production is a slow and difficult process, requiring the application of a whole life, robbery would be preferred to fishing, or hunting, or farming, and man would remain a tiger or a lion, instead of becoming the citizen of Athens, or of Florence, of Paris, of London.

Thus man is born without property, but he has powers varied and mighty, by the employment of which he can procure all he needs. He *must* exert them. But when he has exerted them, it is evidently just that the result of his own, not another's—shall become his property—his exclu-

sive property. This is just—it is necessary—for he would not work—he would steal, if he could not reap the fruit of his own labor; his fellows would do the same, and these robbers, falling upon one another, would soon find nothing to pillage but Nature herself. The world would remain in a state of barbarism.

In the same way, the arts, even in their most imperfect state, require, at least for a time, the certitude of possession. The fish, upon which the savage angler subsists, only shows itself at certain periods of the year—in the sea, or the fishing place. The buffalo and the beaver, upon whose flesh the American savage lives, have similar migratory habits, which he must know to observe their return. The earth, too, only produces one harvest, which requires to be waited for a whole year. What is the necessary result of these conditions in the nature of things? That man must *accumulate* the fruits of his fishing, his chase, or his farming; and that no one must deprive him of them in the interval, or else he will not take the trouble of producing them. He will do only that which is absolutely necessary for his existence, and that only when he is compelled by hunger; he will cultivate no other art; he will live forever upon that which can be plucked readily, and can bury itself immediately in the inviolable asylum of his stomach—that is to say, upon acorns, or birds killed with a sling and a stone. But every art which requires time, reflection, and capital, he will renounce, if he have no certainty of reaping its results. First of all, there is agriculture, which he will abandon at once, if possession of the land is not ensured to him; for he must attach himself to the land for life, if he wishes it to repay his care by fertility; he must build his cottage upon it, and surround it with fences to keep off wild beasts—burn the weeds which cover it, and convert them into a fertilizing ash—drain off the stagnant water which collects upon the surface, into the limpid and fertilizing streams, plant trees to shelter it from the rays of the sun or the breath of blighting winds—the father must be born and die there,

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after the father the son, and after the son the grandson. Who will give himself all this trouble, if his ardor is not sustained by the certainty that no usurper will come and destroy his labors. And what is this certainty, but property allowed and preserved by the powers of society?

All these examples are imprinted upon the primitive state of nations; but man does not change by development. In vain he tries to clothe himself better, to procure a better dwelling, to find more nourishing food; in vain he covers himself with gold and with purple, lives in palaces, and feeds himself there with the most delicious meats; in vain he tries to elevate his mind to an equality with Plato: he has always the same heart; he is exposed to the same misfortunes, and must make the same shifts to escape them. If he pauses a moment in his war against Nature, he returns to the savage state. Had they neglected for a few days, on account of national jealousy, the vast Pass of the Simplon, Nature—rolling incessantly blocks of ice, torrents of snow, and even slender threads of water, on the plan continually in progress on the sides of the Alps—would soon have rendered the attempt impracticable. If man suspends his exertions for a moment, he will be vanquished by Nature; and if, for a day, the stimulus of possession is denied him, he will let his arms fall idly by his sides, and will sleep by the side of his abandoned tools.

All travelers have been struck with the state of langour, poverty, and devouring avarice in which those countries are found, where property is not sufficiently protected. Go into the east, where the despotic ruler is the only proprietor; or, what is the same thing, go back to the middle ages, and you will see everywhere the same signs: the land neglected, because it is the readiest prey of the tyrant's avidity, and entrusted to the hands of involuntary slaves; commerce preferred, because in it taxes are more easily evaded—in commerce, gold, silver, and precious stones, being most readily concealed, all capital is invested in these articles; and when a loan is effected, it is at

an enormous rate of usury—riches confined to the possessors of a select class, who, affecting poverty, living in houses mean at the outside, but sumptuous within—opposing with invincible constancy the barbarous ruler who wishes to wring from them the secret of their treasures, revenge on tyranny by usury.

On the other hand, when, by the progress of civilization or the wisdom of the ruler, property is respected, confidence is immediately revived—stock takes its relative value—land, fetching as much as it is worth, becomes fertile—gold and silver, once so valued, are now only inconvenient values, and fall in price—the class who held them, retaining their business habits, have recovered their social importance with their security. They no longer conceal their wealth, but display it with confidence, and lend it at moderate interest. Activity is universal and sustained; general comfort follows, and society, expanding like a rose to the sun, displays itself on every side to admiring eyes. If any one attributes the prosperity of civilized countries to liberty, I say that it is to *property*, secured and respected, that we owe these grand results; for Venice was not free, but her tyrants respecting labor, she became the richest slave in the world.

I sum up then what I have said, and find that man has a primary property in himself and his powers; he has a second, less peculiar to himself, but not the less sacred, in the produce of his powers, which includes all that we call this world's goods, and which society is in the highest degree interested in securing to him; for without that security there can be no labor—without labor no civilization, not even a supply for natural wants—but misery, plundering, and savagism.

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THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

BY GEORGE GANSBY, Operative Shipwright, Sunderland.

"Watchman! watchman! what of the night?"

Progress, is the aim of the day; it is on all lips, the text of every lecture. May the realization equal the promise! Progression is a divine law, indelibly stamped upon the human race—one which all the tyrants that ever existed, all the enemies to human improvement, have striven in vain to impede. Its march may have been irregular, and will again be interrupted; but there is an all-conquering energy in the human breast, which will beat down all opposition, and ultimately lead man to a higher, holier, and happier state. This conviction, this *faith* in humanity and its glorious destiny, nerves the philanthropist and the patriot, enables them, when their high expectations have been disappointed, and their plans frustrated—to rise again buoyant with fresh life, wiser from the experience of past failures, and strengthened in the hope that although individuals struggling under the impulse of a holy aspiration may be crushed, yet the human race will still advance, will still make each coming day richer in knowledge than its predecessor, each generation wiser and happier than the last.

Look back but a few centuries, and we find barbarism exemplified under the form of the feudal system, when there were but two classes in society, the chiefs and their serfs or slaves; the latter in the most brutalized and abject condition, the property of, and existing but for the use and gratification of, their superiors. Turn a few pages further back in our country's history, and we find the natives of this boastful isle, wandering about without dwellings, clad in the skins of beasts, with their bodies hideously painted, and offering up human victims to propitiate their gods. If, then, the human race *has* made such wonderful advances, in a period short when compared with the age of the world, may we not reasonably ex-

pect, that *now*, with agencies, gigantic in their power and endless in their variety, *that* advancement will be accelerated to a degree that even the most sanguine minds will feel it difficult justly to appreciate.

If we cast our eyes over the fair face of nature, we find it replete with evidence of the happy destiny of humanity. Sit down in the balmy evening, and view the lovely landscape; the clear blue sky, and the verdant earth, redolent of a thousand sweet fragrances; the feathery tribe straining their little throats, in endless variety, to swell the chorus of nature's beautiful melody, and the animal world indulging in sportive gambols; *all* rejoicing in their existence, and enjoying all the happiness their natures are susceptible. Shall Man, then, the lord of all—endowed with such infinite faculties for the acquisition of knowledge, such exquisite capabilities for the experience of enjoyment and such a superior organization for the production of art—shall man form the exception, and he the only creature on earth doomed to misery and suffering? No! In the words of that noble son of the people, who, though dead, yet speaketh

"No! by the mind of man,
By the swart artisan,
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every home of grief and sin,
Shall see and feel its fire."

On every side, around, above us—on earth or in the ocean—nature is teeming with instinctive happiness; all LIFE is fulfilling its destiny; but man has to "work his way" from a state of primeval ignorance and savageism to that of civilization and happiness. He possesses inherently the power of achievement, let him not "faint by the way."

The poets of every age and clime have been possessed of a "prophetic soul," enabling them, though in the midst of darkness, to foresee a brighter and better age for the sons and daughters of humanity. Few there have been unblest with the divine spirit. Even Byron, the despond-

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ing, experienced moments when a bright gleam shone upon his soul, and, in the spirit of hope, could foresee the shadowing forth of human progress, and the potency of its mighty agencies—a fuller realization of which we have been to privileged to witness. The noble bard says, alluding to the future power of the press:—

"Words are things, and a drop of ink
Falling upon a thought, may produce that
Which will make thousands, perhaps millions, think."

And again, in reference to the power of popular intelligence:—

"Methinks I hear a little bird that sings,
The people by and by will be the stronger."

Another divinely sings—

"A brighter morn awaits the human day."

Yes, that morn has been ushered in; the sun of intelligence has fairly risen above the clouds of ignorance and prejudice, and its refulgence is penetrating every nook and cranny of our land; even those regions hitherto barren wastes and howling wildernesses, have felt his genial rays, and will, ere long, flourish and blossom as the rose.

But a temperament less sanguine may curl the lip and knit the brow, and tell you, "These are the lights, take the shadows also."

In the transitory state we now occupy, there will, of necessity, be partial evil and suffering; but let us hope that, like the fabled bridge of Mahomet, however sharp and painful the passage is, it is conducting us to a paradise, and that the period will arrive when machinery will cease to be monopolized by a class, but its benefits will be extended to the many, raising them to comfort and felicity—becoming for them the *only*, and the most powerful slaves in existence. As yet we have had but intelligence enough to contrive and construct these invaluable powers of mechanism. What is requisite now is, wisdom rationally to employ them in the production of wealth for all;

then, instead of taskmasters, they will become our passive, untiring servants, forming one of the most powerful agencies in the creation of social happiness. Take heart, then, my brethren, there is no cause to despond, but every reason to be animated with the hope that

"Man's age of endless peace,
Which time is fast maturing,
Will swiftly, surely come"

Amongst the various agencies contributing to the march of popular advancement, the Press stands pre-eminent. Never, at any period of our country's annals has this been so powerfully efficient as now. Thousands of cheap and useful publications are teeming from its inexhaustible source. Those whose lights have hitherto moved in the limited orbits of aristocratic circles, are now adopting a wider range in the republic of letters. The "Friends" of the working man are spreading over the land, visiting him in his humble dwelling—advising and instructing him in a manner so affable, that the most fastidious cannot be offended. In whatever form truth appears, whether in the discoveries of science, the facts of history, or the efforts of benevolence, it is seized by the agencies of the press, and with its magic types, impressed in eloquent characters on the vacant page, stamping immortality on experience. The application of steam-power to the purposes of travelling is a formidable agent in promoting this glorious flow of intellect. Truths and opinions, as soon as fallen from the lips of the speaker, receive a material form and tangibility from the press, and are wafted to all parts of the globe, and diffused amongst all nations of men. This same application of steam-power, too, is narrowing oceans, and bringing countries, and nations, and peoples, into close proximity; breaking down national prejudices, and converting the "foreigner" into a "friend," and the "natural enemy" into a "neighbor." This power has been the precursor of that enlightened policy which will ultimately spread a friendly intercourse over the whole world, and demonstrates to all the folly and inhumanity of war, with

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Public meetings, too, those popular privileges of the Englishmen, are contributing their quota to the good work. They arousing the public mind, rendering it capable of receiving great, imperishable facts, and stimulating the popular elements to action. Another most encouraging item remains to be noticed. Never, at any period of the world's history, did there exist such a "freedom of speech" as at this moment. The press may print, and men may speak their honest convictions (providing it is done within the bounds of propriety), without the fear of legal prosecution.

Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of the principal agencies of progress in the present age. Much is doing, but the great race is but begun. The field inviting our active exertions is vast and extensive. Let us hope the laborers will be found efficient. Mighty, varied, and oppressive are the evils of society; yet the greatest evil is the people's ignorance. Ignorance gets apathy, and the system of misrule and oppression is perpetuated. Remove the primary evil, and all those social ills of which we complain will be swept from the earth by the popular breath.

What a motive, this, for every man blessed with intelligence, to become a missionary amongst his fellow-men in this glorious work! Let "each and all" encourage the desponding by imparting to them those anticipations of a long, endless, progression towards peace, and knowledge, and happiness. Let our less-favored brethren be taught, by precept and example, the superiority of mental cultivation to pursuits of a low, base, degrading nature. Let the working class cease to spend their strength in abusive declamation against their opponents, and devote their energies to mutual improvement and the elevation of their order. The strength vested in the hands of the enemies to progress exists only in our weakness. Let us become intelligent, and earnestly imbued with a sense of our inter-

ests and duties, and then our opponents will gradually and silently retire from the contest, leaving us in quiet possession of the field.

" Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
 Though humble efforts fail ;
 We'll not give o'er until, once more,
 The righteous cause prevail.
 " In vain, and long enduring wrong,
 The weak may strive against the strong ;
 But the day shall yet appear
 When the right with the might and the truth shall be '
 And, come what there may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see !"

MOTTO.

" For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.—
 2nd THESSALONIANS, iii : 10.

BE INDUSTRIOUS.

There is full enough to do—
 Enough for me—enough for you—
 Don't be lazy :
 Drive at something—keep a driving,
 If you would be rich and thriving.

Do not sit and suck your thumbs,
 Waiting till some business comes—
 Don't be lazy :
 Who will pity when you sputter,
 Lying idle in the gutter ?

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There's a garden to be dug—
There's a cistern needs a plug—

Don't be lazy :

You can plant, or you can harrow—
Pull a truck, or wheel a barrow.

Stir about, and you will find
Something that will suit your mind—

Don't be lazy :

'Tis a truth that's worth your knowing,
Idleness is always growing.

Labor—labor and be wise—
Labor for the earth and skies—

Don't be lazy :

Work to bless, restore, and save—
Work to triumph o'er the grave.

THE OLYMPIAD OF LABOR.

By CHARLES VICKERMAN, Woollen Spinner, Huddersfield.

History presents many instances of great gatherings of kind, in different ages of the world ; but perhaps the most remarkable, on many accounts, is that of the celebration of the Olympiads of Greece. On these occasions Greece summoned not only the sons of her own soil, but those of surrounding countries as well, to qualify or train them for war, by feats of agility and strength. This was the most esteemed repast that classic Greece could furnish to the great mass of the people, as a parenthesis to the ordinary routine of life. Yet these Olympic gatherings wielded an influence over the public mind, of which we, at this distant period of time, can form but a very inadequate conception. A Socrates, a Plato, and an Herodotus stood out from the crowd, here and there, casting a classic halo over

the whole; but immediately over the great mass of the people was mental darkness. The mental activity of the Greece of that period was confined to a select few: as to the people at large, they had the worst part of their natures aroused. They were trained for war—for destruction; not trained mentally. No; there was nothing to point the crowd upward in the scale of being.

Society, since then, when viewed in relation to small periods of time, may not appear to have made much advance; but when viewed in its aggregate, notwithstanding the allegation of Thomas Carlyle, has taken a giant stride: and historians must here close their chapters, point their pens anew, and commence writing a new era in the world's history,—the celebration of the infinitely more glorious Olympiad, *the Olympiad of Labor*,—labor which is the echo of universal nature, the contingent of human existence, the school of advancement in robust mental energy, and triumph over difficulties, which give force, decision, and solidity of character, tending to an intellectual development and higher state of being worthy of man. The blossoms of the spring of progress are peeping into life. Britain has summoned the nations to her shores to celebrate the Olympiad of Production, in contradistinction to that of war, devastation, and destruction; the new one of the builders, in opposition to that of the pullers-down; the Olympiad of *mind*, in opposition to that of matter. The Palace of Glass, in which the celebration of 1851 is to take place, is in strict harmony with the event. This emblem of light and progress, this crystal palace, will contain within its bounds many exquisitely beautiful and precious embodiments of mind—crystallized thoughts—for such they surely will be—once floating about in a sort of gaseous form through many an active brain, but now in process of being converted into crystals; crystals, too, such as chemist never formed. What a number of thought-crystals will be there exhibited to the astonished world! When the mind attempts to realise the conception, a scene of awful grandeur and sublimity rises before the mental vision, to

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which the history of the world fails to furnish a parallel. Matter subjected to mind, in all the conceived forms that can contribute to physical comfort and mental progress. Productions will be there of the most cool and utilitarian character, as well as the most impassioned and poetic. Science is in our day, as it were, domesticated. She is no longer a dream in the hands of philosophers, but a reality and concomitant of life. And science will be there, to show the myriads of ways in which she can minister to the well-being of man. Art, also, will lay before her votaries the most exquisite combinations of form and color.

Feats of modern art and science will be performed at this modern Olympia as far excelling those performed at the ancient, as the light of the sun at meridian day excels in genialness and brilliancy that of the glow-worm at midnight. Steam, man's faithful and best ally, will there show no small part of its power and handiwork. Steam! which can with equal ease engrave a seal, and crush an obdurate mass of metal like wax; which can pierce the eye of the smallest needle; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and drag a town at his heels, through mountain and flood, as though it were a feather, Egypt's sons toiled, in their hundreds of thousands, for twenty years in rearing their Great Pyramid; when the iron-siewed power of Britain alone would raise the same material to an equal altitude in ten short hours! What may we not hope from the genius that rules the spirit of steam.

Electricity, at mind's bidding, can dress in a magnificent coat of silver the most complicated design that artist can produce—can dash a mountain into the sea, and waft the soft whispers of love, at lightning's speed, from Indus to the Pole.

In short, the triumph and rule of the immaterial (the lasting) over the material (the perishing) will be strikingly illustrated in the rapidity with which the Press, at

mind's bidding, can wrest the best thoughts of the best men from the greedy maw of old hoary-headed Time; yea, Time's self is no match for imperial mind, when it asserts its sovereignty. The Press wrests from passing Time the breathings of the great souls of the past, and conserves them for the use of the present, and all future generations, to the end of all coming ages.

The aspirant to the crown of olives will not attain it, as in days of yore, by treading down a brother, but by a holier principle of triumph,—by elevating himself. The prize is to him that can lead the way to a higher condition of humanity—that can show some new or extraordinary subjugation of elemental nature to the conveniences or ornaments of life; to him that can do something towards conferring upon the human race that entire dominion over the earth, the air, and the sea, which was enjoined in the Universal Author's first commands to man. The nations of antiquity, in their palmyest days, never offered a prize for so worthy an object. All honor to the individual, the country, and the age, that has given birth to, and is nurturing, so glorious a conception. It is worthy of having concentrated upon it a world-wide intellect. Press onward, then, for the prize, ye artisans of every clime. A prize on humanity's side will confer more genuine honor upon any one of you, and more good on the great family of man, than could one of Cæsar's most brilliant victories. The conqueror's aim, generally, is to enchain the mind and stifle thought; but it is the glorious mission of labor, to liberate mind, and enchain matter to the various purposes and wants of civilization and progress. Listen! what shouts of response to Britain's summons are reaching our shores from the thousands that are on the move in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America! The great master spirits of the age are coming from every land and every tongue. The follower of Confucius from the land of the morning light, and the inhabitant of Columbia's western shore; the dwellers of Africa's most southern point; the sun-scorched Moor, and the shivering Laplander from the snow-clad

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north, are coming, with joyful countenances, to assist in celebrating the completion of the World's new Olympiad.

It will give a mighty impulse to many a Newtonic mind. The great master spirits, the pioneers of progress, can here compare notes, and see the realization of many a doubted project,—can recruit their strength like wearied travellers, and then commence their arduous toil anew, filled with the raptures with which demonstrations always feasts the mind. They will go on their way with increasing energy and power, and the result will be fresh achievements of mind over matter, hitherto undreamed of—fresh adaptations of the material world to the wants and advancement of mankind. The almost endless variety of the forms and productions of labor will furnish to the less active minds an abundance of material for afterthought.—There will be sufficient to induce the nobles of rank to think more complacently of labor—sufficient to tempt a thought that, after all, the philosophy of labor may have something to do with the philosophy of life—that it was, possibly, an item in the design of the universe, when the mooning stars sang together at the dawn of the first day. The most indifferent will scarcely escape without a material expansion of mind. It will yield mental occupation to thousands when they again reach their quiet but far-distant homes, over the blue waters. The bustle and parade of a court is not always the most favorable for thought, but when the artisan reaches his home on the far-off Continent or in the distant province, and when that flickering glare and that pearly light have both died out—when the clang of the hammers, the hum of the spindles, the noise of the swift-flying shuttle, and the rumbling wheels, are hushed and still, and he seated at “his ain fireside,”—the startling neigh of the “iron horse” bounding along his mighty track, borne to his ear on the blustering of wintry winds from the west, which is bustling and howling round his detached cottage,—then, as he turns his eye dreamily to the fire, other bright eyes peering wistfully into his—then will the full recollection of what he has seen rush

upon his mind, even after the lapse of years.

"The faithful sight
"Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light."

In the workshop, too, the recollection will be with him and will become part and parcel of his being. He will be as one that has added, as it were, a new wing to the storehouse of his ideas, and will have a better supply to meet all future demands, making him a better workman, a better citizen, and leading him to a more just appreciation of life and the great object of his being. The event will break down many of the barriers to intercourse and amity set up by ignorance and isolation, and tend to a kindlier feeling between all nations and all ranks. All will be mutually benefitted; and each returning pilgrim will be a peace missionary to his country and tribe. It will hasten the realization of the sublime principle of the universal brotherhood of man, when Olympia shall teach her sons the art of war no more; when islet shall beckon in goodwill to islet, peninsula to peninsula, and continent to continent, till in one seraphic shout shall burst from all lands—"Of one blood hath God made all the nations of the earth!"

WORK.

Attend, O Man!

Uplift the banner of thy kind,
Advance the ministry of mind;
The mountain height is free to climb,
Toil,—Man's heritage is Time!
Toil on!

Work on and win:

Life, without work, is unenjoyed;
The happiest are the best employed;
Work moves and moulds the mightiest birth,
And grasps the destinies of earth!
Work on!

Work sows the seed :

Even the rock may yield its flower ;
No lot so hard, but human power,
Exerted to one end and aim,
May conquer Fate, and capture Fame :
Press on !

Press onward still :

In Nature's centre lives the fire
That slow, though sure, doth yet aspire ;
Through fathoms deep of mould and clay,
It split the rocks that bar its way !
Work on !

If Nature then

Lay tame beneath her weight of earth,
When would her hidden fire know birth ?
Thus man through granite Fate must find
The path—the upward path—of Mind !
Work on !

Pause not in fear :

Preach no desponding, servile view ;
Whate'er thou wilt thy Will may do !
Strengthen each manly nerve to bend
Truth's bow and bid its shaft ascend !
Toil on !

Be firm of heart :

By fusion of unnumbered years
A Continent its vastness rears !
A drop, 'tis said, thorough flint will wear :—
Toil on, and Nature's conquest share !
Toil on !

Within thyself

Bright morn, and noon, and night succeed ;
Power, feeling, passion, thought, and deed ;

Harmonious beauty prompts thy breast—
 Things angels love, and God hath blest !
 Work on !

Work on and win !
 Shall light from Nature's depths arise,
 And thou, whose mind can grasp the skies,
 Sit down with Fate, and idly rail ?
 No ! Onward ! Let the truth prevail
 Work on !

HAPPINESS ATTAINABLE BY THE WORKING MAN.

By James Waters, Journeyman Shoemaker, Bristol.

Happiness is an object sought after by the generality of men ; but too many find it not, because they seek it in wrong objects. Not a few suppose it to be inseparable from wealth, honor, and sensual pleasure. This is a wrong estimate, and has been ruinous to many.

Infatuated thus, men like those whose names have been perpetuated upon the page of history as conquerors and heroes, have become wholesale murderers, overturning nations and kingdoms, spreading desolation and death, and multiplying the miseries of mankind. By these means nations have been rendered famous, and men have obtained honors for themselves. Such were the Alexanders, the Pompeys, and Cæsars of antiquity, the Napoleons and Nelsons of modern date. Did these men obtain the happiness they sought, by the many victories they achieved ? Let one renowned conqueror answer for them all. Alexander the Great, after he had conquered the world, sat down and wept, because there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

There are men now o' days whom prejudice has hoodwinked upon the subject of happiness. They imagine

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that it consists in gold-making, fashion, equipage, fine mansions, and high living. Such are mistaken. The world says, "It is not in me." A man may be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, and yet be an unhappy man. Happiness is not dependent upon external circumstances. Sensual gratifications do not impart it; because man has a rational desire, which cannot be satisfied with things seen and temporal.

The working man is formed for the enjoyment of happiness, as well as the monarch. As a working man, I think that I can show my working brethren how to be happy from the following sources:—from *Labour*—from *Intellectual Culture*—and from *Godliness with Contentment*.

First, FROM LABOR.

1st. *Labor has been appointed for man by the great Creator.* The wisdom of the appointment must be admitted; because God is infinitely wise. Inseparably connected with his wisdom stands his benevolence; for "*God is love.*" The bounties of Providence evince that love, and reward the laboring man for his toil. Labor and blessings stand connected. To obtain the one, we must perform the other. The husbandman cannot expect to reap a harvest without ploughing and sowing. By the faithful and diligent use of the means, the blessing is secured. The miner cannot have the treasure hidden in the earth without labor. By persevering toil he is richly rewarded. So it is with working men of every grade; if we use lawful means, good will be ours.

The knowledge of the fact is a source of pleasure, and a powerful motive to exertion. Remuneration is the main-spring of industrial movements. Some may say, necessity, and not remuneration, is the cause of industry; if so, man is a slave, because necessity would compel him to action. Not so with remuneration; it sweetens the bitterness connected with our state of toil. Necessity would make labor a drag; the other renders it a source of happiness to the working community.

The employed are not the only persons whose happiness

is increased by remuneration. The employer is actuated by this powerful motive. What would become of the employer, after he has embarked his capital in commercial enterprise, if there were no return? *Ruin*. Is the prospect of ruin desirous, and productive of happiness? No: such prospects would soon paralyze exertion.

See the husbandman rising with the lark in the morning, and going cheerfully forth to his labor until the evening. And gladly, too, does the miner brave the dangers of his calling; whilst, at the factories, working men and working women, amidst the noise of machinery, perform their daily task with joy. In the field and the mine, in the factory and workshop, by land and by sea, the hire of human industry is fraught with pleasure for the working man.

I appeal to the sons of toil. Have you not at times felt the want of employment? There are few who have not. But, if employment be constant, there are holidays. What have been your feelings? Have you not said, "I am miserable: I shall be glad when the time arrives for work?" Here, then, you have proofs that labor affords you more happiness than idleness. Labor itself yields pleasure: add to that the reward which it secures, and the value of the happiness of labor will be increased.

2nd. *Labor is highly beneficial for man*; because it is calculated to meet his necessities, which makes it a source of pleasure. Labor is the reservoir which supplies the streams for keeping in motion the social machinery. If that fail, the working man is left without hope.

The Scriptures declare—"He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." From this passage we see the necessity there is for man to perform this important duty towards his family. God expects it to be performed; religion advocates it; and reason looks for its accomplishment. Instinct, and not reason, guides the brute creation in making provision for their young. See how diligent the beasts of the field and the birds of the air

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are in providing for their offspring ! Is it not reasonable to suppose, that to them it is a source of pleasure ? Man is superior to the brutes, having a nature so much better than they ; for he is a rational creature—a compound being, having a body made out of the dust, and an immortal soul which proceeded from God. Reason is a power of the soul, and is superior to instinct. If reason be assisted by revelation, it discovers to man his duty to his Maker, and his duty to his fellow man.

The working man is not void of affection for his family : and if he be a man of integrity, his affection for them will be stronger than death. In proportion as this affection is cherished, will the man seek to supply his wants of those so dear to him : and to gladden their hearts doubles his own joy. To understand this more clearly, we will draw a contrast of the social condition of Reuben, Idle and Paul Diligence.

Reuben Idle was the son of a drunkard, who long since dropped into the drunkard's grave. Whilst he lived he cared but little for the welfare of his wife and children, letting them do as they pleased ; by which means they ran to ruin. Reuben was his eldest son, who, having received from his parents bad instructions, and having seen their bad example, as a natural consequence, grew up in ignorance of his duties to God and man. When he arrived at manhood, he married a wife something of the same stamp as himself. Now they have four or five dirty, ragged children, who cannot look to their father for bread because, unhappily for them, he has none to give them, in consequence of his idle habits. In his younger days he had several places of work, but lost them, on account of his indolence. Now he wanders the fields, collecting a few herbs, which he hawks about the streets of the neighboring town. His destitute appearance and pitiful tale move some persons to have compassion on him. One gives him an old pair of shoes ; another, an old coat ; and a third, a shirt. Instead of wearing these articles, he sells them for a few pence, and then goes to other persons, saying, " I

was born without a shirt, and now I have on only a peice of one. He also calls himself the seventh son, to intimate his skill in the selection of herbs. His home, as well as his person, presents a scene of wretchedness. In one corner is a bundle of straw, an old chair without a back, a three-legged stool, a tea-kettle without a handle, a frying pan with a hole in the bottom, and a few articles of broken crockery, constitute their household stock. His wife is a drudge, and his children paupers.

Such are the circumstances of Reuben Idle. He is eating the fruit of his doing; and wretchedness, not happiness, is his lot.

Paul Diligence is an inhabitant of the same village in which Reuben Idle lives. Paul is the son of a poor but honest man, who fears God and loves mankind. When young, his father taught him the fear of the Lord, and sent him to the Sabbath-school, where he heard of Jesus, the sinner's friend, and learned to read the Book of God.

The instruction which he received at the Sabbath-school, and the example of a pious father, had a good effect upon Paul, and he grew up to be an intelligent, pious, industrious man. Now he has a cheerful wife, and a happy group of children. His home is stored with comforts, and there happiness constantly dwells, with the blessing of God, upon his industrious efforts.

Paul has the respect of his neighbors, and the confidence of his superiors. The character of Reuben Idle is a practical comment upon the proverb that says—"Idleness will clothe a man with rags." Working-men, if you would escape poverty with its train of evils; if you would enjoy domestic happiness, flee idleness and practise industry; for by so doing you will supply your own wants, and the wants of those dependent upon you. From the case of Paul Diligence you have an illustration of that passage—"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

3rd. Labor is a source of happiness, because by it the working man becomes the genuine benefactor of his species. There is a luxury in doing good. The generality of working men overlook this fact, that, whilst they ben-

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fit themselves by labor, they also benefit their race. By way of illustration we will take a few examples. Observe—

First, That class of the community called husbandmen. The sons of the soil cannot be dispensed with, because they benefit the entire community. The destruction of the people's food might be done without, such as distillers, maltsters, and brewers; but the growers of the grain are indispensable. If the land were not cultivated, barrenness, instead of fruitfulness, would follow, and, as a consequence, universal famine, the ravages of which would be more awful than that of the pestilence, because all classes, from the monarch upon the throne to the poorest subject in the land, would feel it life-destroying stroke.

Our chief supply of food is from the agriculturist. He not only tills the land for corn, but is the breeder of cattle, sheep, and poultry, by which means the community is supplied with beef, mutton, milk, cream, eggs, cheese, and butter. From cattle and sheep, too, are we supplied with materials for clothing as well as feeding the community. The husbandmen, too, is the grower of hemp and flax.—Truly it might be said, these men are the benefactors of their race. The polished townsman may laugh at the country farmer, calling him a clown, and asserting that he is a century behind; but let that scoffer learn to respect and not deride, him who is the practical friend of his fellow-men. Whilst the farmer benefits himself by his labor, he also provides for the sustenance of others.

Secondly, the Mining class. The miner is a great benefactor to his race. Iron is of great utility in husbandry, and for other branches of the arts and trades. Without it we should not have railways and locomotives. Gold, silver, copper, tin, and other metals, are from the earth.—Coal is essential for the smelting of metals: for manufactures also; for the cooking of our food, warming our persons, and habitations in the time of winter. These minerals are, in their natural state, embedded in the earth. Who has been there after them? The noble or learned of the

land? No. Who, then? The despised miner. Thousands of these men have been sent to a premature grave through the dangers of the mines. The constant demand for minerals calls for the continuance of mining operations.

What a paralyzation of trade there would be, if it were not so. The poor distressed needle-woman of London, depressed as she is, could not ply her needle everlastingly at stitching. Mechanical operations could not be carried on improvingly as they are. Agriculture, too, in a great measure, would be hindered in its progress; and the mariner could not be furnished with the compass for directing his course across the ocean. The ship itself in which he sails could not have been constructed without iron nails, bolts and chains. The smith could not forge them without the material; the material could not be supplied without the miner. Take away the miner, and the entire community will suffer thereby. Knowledge and civilization will stay their march, and a relapse into barbarism take place, because the arts of civilization could not be cultivated. Philosophy, literature, morality, and religion, would be blighted, instead of ripening to perfection.—Surely the miner is the benefactor of universal man.

Thirdly, the Artisan. Under this head we have an extensive field for contemplation, which the limits of this paper forbid us to enter upon. However, a few observations may be made.

The builder is of great utility to the community. By his hand, rude, shapeless materials are formed into habitations remarkable for beauty, utility, and comfort. The wigwags of the Indian, or the miserable hut of the ancient Britons, would be considered by us as an unfit residence for an English dog, much less for a human being. How much better is our lot than that of the wandering savage of the woods. We have our hamlets, villages, towns, and cities to dwell in. Palaces for the royal, superb mansions for the nobility, splendid crescents for the rich, and pretty cottages for the working classes. Besides these, there are

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public buildings for charitable, scientific, moral, and religious purposes, differing in magnitude and architectural skill.

The erection of those edifices, from the cottage of the peasant up to that of the gorgeous palace of the monarch, calls forth a vast deal of industrial effort, such as hewing timber, quarrying of stones, burning of lime, making of bricks, &c. By these means the builder is supplied with materials for his work.

This co-operation is useful for the welfare of the people to prepare homes for all. If there were no builders, it could not be done. Then we should be at a sorry shift in this changeable climate. Exposed to the cold of winter and the heat of summer, what would become of the orphan, the sick, and the aged? Perish they must, most miserably. Thank God and thank man it is not so. We have our comfortable homes in which to live in peace and comfort. The builder is not to be dispensed with, seeing that he is a benefactor of mankind. Again.

The clothier is also serviceable to the community.—Thousands of working men and working women are employed in the manufacture of raiment for the people. Spinners, weavers, tailors, dressmakers, and others.

The need of raiment is self-evident. Nature supplies the beast of the field and the fowls of the air with beautiful and warm clothing. Not so man. Man must clothe himself. In vain may the hemp, flax, and cotton grow, the sheep yield wool, and the silk-worm silk, without manufacturers. Like the sons of the forest, we should have to be clothed with the skins of animals, instead of the beautiful garments we now have.

Raiment for the day is not enough for the people; they must have covering for the night, so that during the cold, wintry season we may rest in our beds comfortably and securely. If a man possessed all the gold of California, and were destitute of these comforts, he would be poor, miserable and wretched, with all his shining store.

Respectability, too, has a connection with clothing. For

if a man be clothed in rags, he is not considered a respectable man; but if respectably clad, he has a gentlemanly appearance. See our working men in their Sunday suits, how different they appear than on week-days in dirty habiliments. Their health and comfort, too, are hereby increased. When we consider the comfort and respectability of clothing, which give to working men and working women the appearance of gentlemen and ladies, we must admit that clothiers are not to be dispensed with because they are the benefactors of their fellow-men universally. Again,

Shoemakers are another class of men who are despised by many, but are beneficial to the community. Supposing all the people were barefoot the whole of one winter, what would become of the children, the delicate ladies, and the hardier masculine genders, how great would be the inconvenience through such a deprivation. We might safely conclude, that great numbers of the people would be thrown into consumptions and other diseases; and that a fearful amount of mortality would be the result.

Dry feet and warm feet are essential for comfort and health. To supply this, a host of men are confined from morning till night, cutting, hammering and pulling at their sedentary and laborious calling. The evil referred to above, the people are not exposed to—their wants are met plentifully. Let no man despise a shoemaker until he can do without him.

The writer of this essay has the honor of belonging to this intelligent and beneficial class of men, which labor for the public good for a small remuneration, thereby conferring comforts upon their fellow men cheaply. I think it must be admitted that the labors of this class are indispensable for the general good. Having referred to some of our artizans, we will, for the further illustration of our proposition, select,

Thirdly, and lastly, our Seamen. The mariners may be considered the benefactors of man in the following ways:

1. By procuring for man the luxuries of foreign lands.

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God has, in the economy of his providence, been pleased to cause the productions of countries to differ, as the climates of these countries vary. Between those countries oceans roll, so that their productions cannot be obtained unless persons go after them. To do so, dangers must be encountered, hardships endured, and life itself be exposed.

The teas of China, the sugars of the west Indies, the coffee and rice of Ceylon, oranges, grapes, raisins, currants, and other tropical productions were brought to our market in abundance. How came they there? Why, the mariner has crossed the ocean, outbraving the storm and tempest, to bring these luxuries to our shores.

2. By facilitating commercial enterprise between the nations. Nations may be remarkable for power, wealth, and philosophy, but of independence, not one can boast. There is a mutual relationship existing between the nations of the earth. London is not independent of the provinces, and the provinces are not independent of London. So the nations of the globe are dependent on each other. Men universally compose one vast family; although different in color, language, and manners; yet of one common brotherhood. For "God has made of one blood, all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth."

Man cannot live to or for himself. He must live for others, and his conduct is effecting good or evil towards his fellows. So it is with nations, they must help one another.

The question is, how can this intercourse take place, and be continued? By free-trade. But how is free-trade to be carried on? We cannot make railways, nor cut canals across the seas to distant lands. No. But nations have their fleets and seamen, by whom free trade can be facilitated. By these means British manufactures are conveyed to foreign markets, and foreign produce imported to England. Truly seamen are the benefactors of their race.

3. By conveying the missionary to distant lands to civilize and Christianize the heathen. The next then is in

volved in ignorance of God, and the useful arts of society, practising idolatry, superstition, infanticide, and immorality. Naturally, socially, and morally, the heathen is degraded. Such was the state of our forefathers, the ancient Britains, who were savage, cruel, and superstitious. How different the state of Britain, to what it now is, when the darkness of Druidism and heathenism brooded over this lovely isle. How came the change? Mariners brought foreigners to our shore, who blest us with the arts of civilization. They also brought the missionary, who has blest us with the Gospel of Christ, by which our nation has been exalted, and rendered the glory of all lands.

"Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," was the great commission given by the Redeemer to his disciples. Other lands may be blest with civilization and religion as well as our own, although moral darkness broods over them. How has the missionary gone? How is he going to bless those dark lands with light and truth? Seamen have taken him, and seamen will continue to take him to bless the nations. We cannot by any means do without the mariner, for he is the benefactor of the human family.

From the four illustrations adduced, we have shown that working men being in reality the benefactors of their race; have truly cause to be glad, and ought to admit that the labor which thus renders them benefactors to each other, to be, in reality, a source of pleasure. We propose to consider

Secondly, Intellectual culture, as a source of happiness to the working man.

MAN is compounded of matter and spirit. For the Scriptures declare that man became a living soul. The working man has a mind as well as the nobleman—a mind which is as capable of culture as the mind of the monarch. Naturally the mind of man is uncultivated, and ignorance is the consequence. Hence arises the necessity for education. The great of the land can obtain for their sons and daughters the best mental culture.

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Not so with the working man, for when young he has to labor for a living whilst the sons of the wealthy are at colleges and other schools for learning. The poor man is without this privilege. The schooling of the working man, generally, is of a limited kind. However, he need not continue in ignorance. If he *will*, he may obtain wisdom.

Self-culture must be practiced, and decision of character is needful to secure that object. If undecided, improvement will be but small, because proper means will be neglected, and then the good will be lost which otherwise might be attained. Let the working man persevere in a course of judicious reading, study, and writing.

First, *judicious reading*. "Give attendance to reading," was the injunction of an inspired Apostle to his son Timothy. If reading was necessary for Timothy, and for ministers and for men of letters generally, it is indispensably necessary for the working man, in order to have his mind stored with general and useful knowledge.

Many of the working population, as well as the middle and upper classes of society, make an injudicious choice of books. Novels, romances, and infidel publications are eagerly perused. Such trash is morally poisonous to the community, producing immorality, crime, and death. We want our working population to make a better selection of mental food. There is a stream of healthy literature in the land. Let working men cast aside the Sunday newspapers, and infidel trash, and avail themselves of the good presented to them, for by so doing they will make advancement in right mental culture.

"That the soul be without knowledge is not good." The working man need not remain without this good, and die a fool; because there are mental stores accessible by him—standard works upon divinity, history, natural and moral philosophy, and general science. Every working man should possess a library, if it be but a few volumes.

Some working men, although admitting its utility, yet plead an excuse for not having books. Their earnings are too small; they cannot save a penny for their purchase

Have they tried? There are weekly and monthly periodicals. Subscribe for a weekly and a monthly, then at the end of the year you will have two volumes added to your little store. And in addition to this, make yourself a box, and drop into it a penny a day. At the end of the year, these savings will amount to 1£ 10s 5d. Apply this sum entirely for books; and by this means, you can swell your library every year without burden to yourself, or loss to your family.

After having obtained books, look not on the outside merely, (as too many do, making the library ornamental to the eye, but not instructive to the mind), but read their contents, patiently, prayerfully, and thoughtfully. Such employment will yield you pleasure, by increasing your knowledge, and improving your minds.

Secondly, *judicious study*. Working men may advance in mental culture. The tastes of men for knowledge differ. Some have a taste for poetry, others for mathematics, others for music, others for mechanics, and others for language, &c. As working men, we would seek that kind of knowledge which will be *useful and ennobling*.

Theology is a sublime study: the study of the Deity and his incomparable works of creation, providence, redemption. Reason cannot supply the place of revelation. "The world by wisdom knew not God." The history of the philosophical Greeks and Romans, furnished facts confirmatory of this doctrine. Paul found at Athens an altar with this inscription, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." How was this? Because they had not revelation. We have it, and from it may obtain a knowledge of that glorious Being who is the creator of the universe. "He spake and it was done. He commanded and it stood fast." To sustain the universe, as well as to create it, requires omnipotent power. That power of our Creator has, and displays throughout his vast dominions.

The natural and moral attributes of God display the perfection of his character. The contemplation of his illimitable attributes is the privilege of every student of

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theology. "Who amongst the Gods can be compared unto our God?" They are not self-existent, independent, omnipresent, and absolutely holy; they have been caused, and are dependent upon other sources than themselves for their continuance in being. Not so with the great Jehovah of the Bible: he is absolute in all his glorious nature and character.

The benevolence of the Deity towards man is infinite. Survey the blessings of Providence imparted to his creatures in the supply of their temporal wants; but, above all, contemplate his love in the gift of his Son to redeem mankind.

That man is a fool who says in his heart there is no God. An effect cannot be without a cause. Matter is not eternal; but has been created; for the order manifested in it displays intelligence, and argues that there must be a personal intelligent being, who is eternal: He is, "before all things, and by him all things consist."

In the contemplation of the Deity, let the working man study astronomy. By this science we learn that every fixed star is a sun, the centre of a system, and that the number of these suns and systems cannot be estimated. These different systems are supposed to move around some central sun, the great metropolis of Jehovah's empire. Our own system is an astonishing display of power, which will be evident if we consider the magnitude and motions of the planets in the solar system. The sun is a vast globe and the centre of the system, around which the planets move, and from which they receive light and heat. The motions of these planets are also remarkable for their rapidity, regularity, and constancy, for they unceasingly move in the orbits assigned them to travel. Take two or three illustrations:

The magnitude of the sun is found to be about 880,000 miles in diameter, and contains a mass of matter equal to thirteen hundred thousand globes of the size of the earth.

The planet Jupiter, which is the largest planet in the solar system, being 89,000 miles in diameter or about

fourteen hundred times larger than the earth. Yet this immense globe, at a distance from the sun of 490,000,000 miles, moves at the rate of 29,000 miles an hour.

The planet Herschel is the slowest moving body in the system ; yet it moves at the rate of 15,000 miles an hour. Its magnitude is about eighty times larger than the earth.

The earth on which we live, with its mountains, continents, islands, oceans, lakes and rivers, though at a distance from the sun of 95,000,000 of miles, travels its orbit around that luminary in 365 days 5 hours and 49 minutes. [*See Dr. Dick on Astronomy.*] We have selected these as manifestations of the power of God. But what are these, with their kindred planets, when compared with the infinitude of worlds revolving in boundless space. If the solar system, the sun and the planets moving round him, were blotted out of being, the loss comparatively would be but as the dust of the balance.

The telescope is an instrument, by which the astronomer has made wonderful discoveries. With this instrument man contemplates the unnumbered worlds composing God's universe.

Natural history is a help to the study of the Deity. Natural history, in its extensive sense, is the science of nature, including the heavens and the earth ; but here we use the term in its limited sense, as referring only to our own world. Exchanging the telescope for the microscope, we discover fresh wonders in nature, which we could not behold with the naked eye. A drop of water, a grain of sand, and every leaf of vegetation, disclose a new world of animated beings. However, leaving these wonders, which need the close investigation of the philosopher, the working man, whose time for study is limited, may, in the study of natural history, turn his attention to more sensible objects in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms.

Man is the masterpiece of creation : not in point of magnitude nor physical strength, for many of the brutes are his superiors here. Wherein, then, is his supremacy ?

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In this—his being a rational creature, highly elevated in the scale of being; he was created in the *image of God*. The beasts of the field are rendered subservient to his welfare, and perform for him important service. These useful animals differ as the countries differ which they inhabit. The cow, sheep, and oxen supply him with food, whilst the horse, ass, camel, and elephant are beasts of burden to labor for his welfare.

The tribes of wild animals are remarkable for the mechanism of their bodies, the instincts by which they are guided, and the beautiful furs with which they are clothed. The finny tribes that people the seas, lakes, rivers, and streams, are remarkable for their variety, fecundity, migration, and usefulness to man; the fowls of heaven, "that sing among the branches," for their plumage, migration, and usefulness. After such a contemplation, we must conclude with David, "Wonderful are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

The *vegetable tribes* display the wisdom of the Deity, from the blade of grass, to the majestic banian tree.

Minerals may next be considered, with regard to their variety, natural state, and usefulness. In this manner we might proceed in our contemplation of natural history. It must be admitted that there is an intimate connection between natural history and geography. These studies help us in our contemplation of Jehovah. They show us the extent of his dominions, the variety of objects in the universe, and the power, wisdom, and benevolence of the Deity in forming the whole for the good of man. Surely these delightful meditations must add to our happiness, for they are fraught with pleasure to the mind of the philosopher.

Self knowledge is an important science, but too much neglected by all classes of men. Next to theology, self-knowledge should be the working man's study; without it, it is impossible for us to have *self-government*, but with it, we shall be able to detect the deceitfulness of our hearts,

and have the mastery over self. By it we are better able to study man generally.

Thirdly, in connection with study, *writing* is a means of mental culture. Paper, pens, and ink may be had cheaply. Writing will enable a man to *methodize* his thoughts, and at the same time strengthen his memory and make him a tolerable grammarian. These improvements are worth writing for, and their attainment will yield pleasure. Reading and study are means of collecting mental stores; and writing, through the medium of the press, sends forth the mental streams, to edify and bless the sons of men.

The farmer does not break the clods and sow the seed expecting, after all his toil, a failure. He labors in hope, and sows in hope, and patiently waits to realize his hope in an abundant harvest. Working men persevere! "in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." By so doing you will have twofold happiness: that of cultivating your own minds, and of communicating instruction to your fellow-men.

The last source of pleasure for consideration is—

Thirdly, Godliness with Contentment.

We have already spoken upon the contemplation of the Deity. But to study the character of God is not sufficient to yield permanent happiness, unless we enjoy him as our Saviour. A knowledge in theory will not do; there must be a knowledge experimentally. This is eternal life—to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent.

Religion confers upon its possessors true dignity; for such become the sons of God, and are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. Solomon says of it: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of wisdom is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left, riches and honors. Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

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and all her paths are peace."—Proverbs iii. 13—17. "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It imparts happiness throughout life, joy in death, and a blissful immortality at God's right hand. For the righteous shall "shine forth as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever." It is the privilege of working men to possess this "pearl of great price." If the working man will be happy he must seek this invaluable treasure.

Contentment, in connection with godliness, is "great gain," because it is the spring of constant pleasure; for, as the old adage runs, "a contented mind is a continual feast." Wealth cannot obtain it, for discontent dwells in the palace as well as in the cottage. A want of contentment made Alexander weep upon the throne of the world. The working man can be happy, if he be contented. To be so, he must admit the equity of the divine government. God has set the bounds of our habitation. In his providence, he has assigned us to act in the world's theatre. We are not to complain at the appointment, but act our part well. Labor is no mean, as some suppose; it is our pride which leads us to such an error. Dr. Dwight says: "if two angels were appointed, the one to rule an empire, and the other to sweep the streets, either of them would as soon sweep the streets as rule an empire. The reason is, because angels have no sin in them, consequently are not proud, like foolish man, who calls a low station mean, and a high, shining one, dignified; thereby despising the one, and coveting the other." If an angel would not murmur to be a scavenger—if he would sweep the streets as joyfully as he would rule a kingdom, ought not we also to fill our stations with content? Contentment is the true philosopher's stone, turning to gold all it touches. Let us learn, as Paul did, "*In whatsoever state we may be, therewith to be CONTENT.*"

A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 " Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead past bury its dead !
 Act.—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of Time.

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Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy
 might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge,
 nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."—ECCLES. IX :
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